



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in a Confederate tent at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee inquires to Capt. Wayne an important message to Longstreet. Accompanied by Sergeant Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts on his mission. They get within the lines of the enemy and in the darkness Wayne is taken for a Federal officer and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge. He is a northern girl and attempts to escape. One of the houses succumbs and Craig goes through with the dispatches, while Wayne and the lady of the North are left alone. They seek shelter in a hut and entering it in the dark a huge man in a nightgown, the girl shouts the brave but in time the owner of the hut, Jed Brennan, and his wife appear and soon a party of horsemen approach. They are led by a man claiming to be Ned Lawrence, but who proves to be Maj. Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne on a spy and he is brought before Sheridan, who threatens him with death unless he reveals the secret message. Wayne believes Edith Brennan to be the wife of Maj. Brennan. He is rescued by Jed Brennan, who starts in to reach Gen. Lee, while Wayne in disguise penetrates to the ball room, beneath which he had been imprisoned. He is introduced to a Miss Minor and barely escapes being unmasked. Edith Brennan recognizes Wayne, who she will give him. Securing a pass through the lines, they are confronted by Brennan, who is knocked senseless. Then, bidding Edith adieu, Wayne makes a dash for liberty. He encounters Brennan, who reaches the Lee camp and meets with reinforcements to join Edith. In the battle of Shiloh, the regiment is overwhelmed and Wayne, while in the hospital, is visited by Edith Brennan. Wayne and Brennan are sent on a scouting detail and arriving at the Minor place, Wayne meets Miss Minor and she aids in repelling the invaders until a retreating party of bluecoats reach the scene. Brennan challenges Wayne to a duel; the latter flees in the air, and is himself wounded.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

"Damn it, Moorehouse," he roared, fairly beside himself, "the charge was too heavy; it overbore!"

"Are you much hurt?" panted Caton.

"Merely pricked the skin."

Then Brennan's angry voice rang out once more.

"I demand another shot," he insisted loudly. "I demand it. I tell you, Moorehouse. This settles nothing, and I will not be balked just because you don't know enough to load a gun."

Caton wheeled upon him, his blue eyes blazing dangerously.

"You demand a second shot?" he cried indignantly. "Are you not aware, sir, that Captain Wayne fired in the air? It would be murder."

"Fired in the air?" he laughed, as if it was a most excellent joke. "Of course he did, but it was because my ball disconcerted his aim. I fired a second the first, but his derring-do was covering me."

Caton strode toward him, his face white with passion.

"Let him have it his way," I called after him, for now my own blood was up. "I shall not be guilty of such neglect again."

He did not heed me, perhaps he did not hear.

"Major Brennan," he said, facing him, his voice trembling with feeling. "I tell you Captain Wayne purposefully shot in the air. He informed me before coming upon the field that he should do so. I positively refuse to permit him to face your fire again."

Brennan's face blazed; chagrin, anger, disappointment fairly infuriated him, and he seemed to lose all self-control.

"This is some cowardly trick!" he roared, glaring at him as if seeking some one upon whom he could vent his wrath. "Damn it, I believe my pistol was fixed to overshoot in order to save that fellow. I never missed such a shot before."

Moorehouse broke in upon his raving, so astounded at these intemperate words as to stutter in his speech.

"Do-do you dare to insinuate, Major Brennan," he began, "that I have—"

he paused, his mouth wide open, staring toward the shed. Involuntarily we glanced in that direction also, wondering what he saw. There, in the open doorway, as in a frame, dressed almost entirely in white, her graceful figure and fair young face clearly defined against the dark background, stood Edith Brennan.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Last Good-bye.

She exhibited no outward sign of agitation as she left her position and slowly advanced toward us. Daintily lifting her skirts to keep them from contact with the weeds under foot, her head poised proudly, her eyes a bit disdainful of it all, she paused before Caton.

"Lieutenant," she questioned in a clear tone which seemed to command an answer, "I have always found you an impartial friend. Will you kindly inform me as to the true meaning of all this?"

He hesitated, hardly knowing what to reply, but her imperious eyes were upon him—they insisted, and he stammered lamely:

"Two of the gentlemen, madam, were about to settle a slight disagreement by means of the code."

"Were about?" she echoed, scornful of all deceit. "Surely I heard shots as I came through the orchard?"

"One fire has been exchanged," he reluctantly admitted.

"And Captain Wayne has been wounded?"

I was not aware until that moment

MY LADY OF THE NORTH

The Love Story of a Gray Jacket

by RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"

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that she had even so much as noticed my presence.

"Very slightly, madam."

"His opponent escaped uninjured?"

Caton bowed, glanced uneasily toward me, and then blurted forth impulsively: "Captain Wayne fired in the air, madam."

"A most delightful situation, surely," she said clearly and sarcastically.

"One would almost suppose we had wholly reverted to barbarism, and that our boasted civilization was but mockery. Think of it!" and the proud disdain in her face held us silent, "not six hours ago that house yonder was the scene of a desperate battle. Within its blood-stained rooms men fought and died, cheering in their agony like heroes of romance. I saw there two men battling shoulder to shoulder against a host of infuriated ruffians, seeking to protect helpless women. They wore different uniforms, they followed different flags, by the fortune of war they were enemies, yet they could fight and die in defense of the weak. I thanked God upon my knees that I had been privileged to know such men and could call them friends. No nobler, truer, manlier deed at arms was ever done! Yet, mark you, no sooner is that duty over—scarcely are their dead comrades buried—when they forget every natural instinct of gratitude, of true manliness, and spring at each other's throat like two maddened beasts. I care not what the case may be—the act is shameful, and an insult to every woman of this household. Even as I came upon the field voices were clamoring for another shot, in spite of the fact that one man stood already wounded. War may be excusable, but this is not war. Gentlemen, you have fired your last shot on this field, unless you choose to make me your target."

She stood there as a queen might, and commanded an obedience no man among us durst refuse. Brennan's flushed face paled, and his lips trembled as he sought to make excuse.

"Edith," he protested, "you do not know, you do not understand. There are wrongs which can be righted in no other way."

"I do not care to know," she answered coldly, "nor do I ever expect to learn that murder can right a wrong."

"Murder! You use strong terms. The code has been recognized for centuries as the last resort of gentlemen."

"The code! Has it, indeed? What gentlemen? Those of the south exclusively of late. That might possibly pardon your opponent, but not you, for you know very well that in the north no man of any standing would ever venture to resort to it. Moreover, even the code presupposes that men shall stand equal at its bar—I am informed that Captain Wayne fired in the air."

He hesitated, feeling doubtless the uselessness of further protest, yet she permitted him small opportunity for consideration. "Major," she said quietly but firmly, "I should be pleased to have you escort me to the house."

These words, gently as they were spoken, still constituted a command. Her eyes were upon his face, and I doubt not he read within them that he would forfeit all her respect if he failed to obey. Yet he yielded with exceeding poor grace.

"As it seems impossible to continue," he admitted bitterly, "I suppose I may as well go." He turned and fronted me, his eyes glowing.

"But understand, sir, this is merely a cessation, not an ending."

I bowed gravely, not daring to trust my voice in speech, lest I should yield to the temptation of my own temper.

"Captain Wayne," she said, glancing back across his broad blue shoulder, and I thought there was a new quality in her voice, the sting had some way gone out of it, "I shall esteem it a kindness if you will call upon me before you depart."

"With pleasure," I hastened to reply, my surprise at the request almost robbing me of speech, "but I shall be compelled to leave at once, as my troop is already under orders."

"I shall detain you for only a moment, but after what you have passed through on our behalf I am unwilling you should depart without realizing our gratitude. You will find me in the library. Come, Frank, I am ready now."

We remained motionless, watching them until they disappeared around the corner of the shed. Brennan walked with stern face, his step heavy, she with averted eyes, a slight smile of triumph curling her lip. Then Moorehouse stooped and picked up the derringer the Major had thrown away.

"By thunder, but she's right!" he exclaimed emphatically. "I tell you that's a mighty fine woman. Blame me, if she didn't face us like a queen."

No one answered, and without exchanging another word we walked together to the house. There I found the remnant of my troop standing beside their horses, chafing with a dozen idle Yankee cavalrymen who were lounging on the wide steps.

The time had come when I must

say a final farewell and depart. Not the slightest excuse remained for further delay. I dreaded the ordeal, but no escape was possible, and I entered the house for what I well knew was to be the last time. My mind was gravely troubled; I knew not what to expect, how far I might venture to hope. Why had she desired to see me again? Surely the public reason she offered could not be the real one. Had she only been free, a maid whose hand remained her own to surrender as she pleased, I should never have hesitated, never have doubted her purpose; but now that could not be.

As I knocked almost timidly at the closed library door a gentle voice said, "Come," and I entered, my heart throbbing like a frightened girl's. She stood waiting me nearly in the center of that spacious apartment, dressed in the same light raiment she had worn without, and her greeting was calm and friendly, yet tinged by a proud dignity, I cannot describe. I believed for an instant that we were alone, and my blood raced through my veins in sudden expectancy; then my eyes fell upon Mrs. Minor comfortably seated in an armchair before the fire, and I realized that she was present to restrain me from forgetfulness. But in very truth my lady hardly needed such protection—her speech, her manner, her proud constraint told me at once most plainly that no existing tie between us had caused our meeting.

"Captain Wayne," she said softly, her high color alone giving evidence of any memory of the past, "I scarcely thought that we should meet again, yet was not willing to part with you under any misunderstanding. I have learned from Lieutenant Caton the full particulars of your action in connection with Major Brennan. I wish you to realize that I appreciate your efforts to escape a hostile meeting

I do even now, yet I am under great obligations which I hope some day to be able to requite, at least in part."

"A thousand times they are already paid," I exclaimed, eagerly, forgetting for the moment the presence of her silent chaperon. "You have given me that which is more than life—"

"Do not, Captain Wayne," she interrupted, her cheeks aflame. "I would rather forget. Please do not; I did not send to you for that, only to tell you I knew and understood. We must part now. Will you say good-bye?"

"If you bid me, yes, I will say good-bye," I answered, my own self-control brought back instantly by her words and manner, "but I retain that which I do not mean to forget—your gracious words of invitation to the North."

She stood with parted lips, as though she struggled to force back that which should not be uttered. Then she whispered swiftly:

"It is not my wish that you should."

Was there ever such another paradox of a woman? I knew not how to read her aright, for I scarce ever found her twice the same. Which represented the truth of her character—her cool dignity, her impetuous pride, or that gentle tenderness which belittled her so well? Which was the armor, which the heart of this fair lady of the North?

As we rode down the path to the eastward, a snowy handkerchief fluttered for an instant at the library window. I raised my hat in silent greeting, and we were gone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Furling of the Flags.

The close of the long and bitter struggle had come; to those who had cast their fortunes with the South it seemed almost as the end of



"I felt convinced that if my bullet reached Major Brennan it would injure you."

and esteem you most highly for your forbearance on the field. It was indeed a noble proof of true courage. May I ask why did you fire in the air?"

Had she not held me so away from her by her manner I should have then and there told her all the truth. As it was I durst not.

"I felt convinced that if my bullet reached Major Brennan it would injure you. I preferred not to do that."

"I believed it was for my sake you made the sacrifice," she purred; then asked in yet lower tones: "Was my name mentioned during your contention—I mean publicly?"

"It was not; Caton alone is aware I refrained because of the reason I have already given you."

"Your wound is not serious?"

"Too insignificant to be worthy of mention."

She was silent, her eyes upon the carpet, her bosom rising and falling with the emotion she sought in vain to suppress.

"I thank you for coming to me," she said frankly. "I shall understand it all better, comprehend your motive better, for this brief talk. Whatever you may think of me in the future, and she held out her hand with something of the old frankness in the gesture, "do not hold me as ungrateful for a single kindness you have shown me. I have not fully understood you, Captain Wayne; indeed, I doubt if

the world. I had thought to write of those last sad days, to picture them in all their contrasting light and shadow, but now I cannot. There are thoughts too deep for human utterance, memories too sacred for the pen. I rejoice that I was a part of it; that to the lowering of the last tattered battle-flag I remained constant to the best traditions of my house. I cannot sit here now, beneath the protecting shadow of a flag for which my son fought and died, and write that I regret the ending, for years of peace have taught us of the South lessons no less valuable than did the war; yet do I rejoice today that, having once donned the gray, I wore it until the last shot of the war voiced its grim message to the North.

It is hardly more than a dream now, sometimes vague and shadowy, again distinct with living figures and historic scenes. I require but to close my eyes to behold once more those slender lines of ragged, weary, hungry men, to whom fighting had become synonymous with life. I pass again through the fiery rain of those last fierce battles, when in desperation we sought to check the unnumbered blue legions that fairly crushed us beneath their weight.

I saw it all; I held a part in it all. Upon that April day which witnessed the turning of the last sad page in this tragedy, I stood without the MeLea house, ankle deep in the trans-

pled mud of the yard, surrounded by a group of Federal officers. Within was my commander, the old gray hero of Virginia, together with the great silent soldier of the North.

Few about me spoke as we waited in restless agony. No one addressed me, and I think there must have been a look in my face which held them dumb.

I know not how long I waited, standing beside my horse, with head half bowed upon his neck, seeing the figures about me as in a dream. At last the door was flung open, and those within came forth. He was in advance of them all. In that pale, stern, kindly face, and within the depths of those sorrowful gray eyes, I read instantly the truth—the Army of Northern Virginia was no more. Yet with what calm dignity did this defeated chieftain pass down that blue lane, his head erect, his eyes undimmed—as dauntless in that awful hour of surrender as when he rode before his cheering legions of fighting men. Only as he came to where I stood, and caught the look of suffering upon my face, did he once falter, and then I noted no more than the slight twitching of his lips beneath the short gray beard.

"Captain Wayne," he said, with all his old-time courtesy, "I shall have to trouble you to ride to General Hill's division and request him to cease firing at once."

I turned reluctantly away from him, knowing full well in my heart I was bearing my last order, and rode at a hard trot down the road between long lines of waiting Federal infantry. I scarcely so much as saw them, for my head was bent low over the saddle pommel, and my eyes were blurred with tears.

The sun lay hot and golden over the dusty roads and fenceless fields. The air was vocal with blare of trumpets and roll of drums, while everywhere the eye rested upon blue lines and long columns of marching troops. I formed one of a little gray squad moving slowly southward—a mere fragment of the fighting men of the Confederacy, making their way homeward as best they might. As the roads forked I left them, for here our paths diverged, and it chanced I was the only one whose hope lay westward.

Silently, thoughtfully I trudged on for an hour through the thick red dust. My horse, sorely wounded in our last skirmish, limped painfully behind me, his bridle-rein flung carelessly over my arm. Out yonder, where the sun pointed the way with streams of fire, I was to take up life anew. Life! What was there left to me in that word? A deserted, depopulated farm alone awaited my coming; hardly a remembered race, scarcely a future hope. The glitter of a passing troop of cavalry drew my mind for an instant to Edith Brennan, but I crushed the thought. Even were she free, what had I now to place at her proud feet,—I, a penniless, defeated, homeless man? At a cross-roads a Federal picket halted me, and I aroused sufficiently to hand him the paper which entitled me to safe passage through the lines. He handed me back the paper and motioned me to pass on. I had gone a hundred yards or more when I became aware that he was calling after me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY HE USED THE BAD WORD

Little Matt Explained That the Two Pigs He Was Driving Got His Goat.

Matt Perkins, engine driver on the New York Central, thought his little farm, out near Peekskill, wouldn't be complete without pigs. So he bought a couple and had them sent out, much to the dismay of Willie, his oldest boy, who tearfully protested that the family would be disgraced if their acquaintances found they kept pigs.

But the father was obdurate, and assigned to Matt, Jr., his six-year-old and youngest hopeful, the task of caring for the pigs. This has proved a hard task, and Little Matt has been having his troubles during the hot weather.

One day the pigs, being pigs, roamed far afield. Mattie, rounding them up, drove them past the veranda, where his mother happened to be. Mattie was talking to the pigs in no uncertain terms, and it must be confessed he used a word which he really should not. Where he got it no one knows.

The mother promptly called him to task, and Mattie, having panned in the pigs, returned, hot and red of face, to the veranda.

"Mattie," said his mother, sternly, "I shall have to punish you. I heard you say a naughty word."

"Well, I guess I did," was the lad's penitent rejoinder, "but you see, mamma, them pigs jest got my goat."

—New York Herald.

Telephone on St. Bernard.

The monks of St. Bernard have fitted the refuge huts in the most picturesque spots with telephones, which will enable travelers in distress to ring up for assistance.

COLD BROUGHT IT ON.

Terrible Pain and Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder.

Mrs. Carrie Sommer, 3422 N. Hamilton Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "A severe cold settled on my kidneys and the pains through my back and limbs were so intense I could scarcely keep from screaming. My heart troubled me and I became so dizzy I could barely stoop. At last I took to my bed and was in agony for two weeks, the doctor failing to help me.

Learning of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began using them and continued until entirely cured. For eight years I have had no sign of the old trouble."

"When Your Back Is Lame, Remember the Name—DOAN'S." 50c all stores Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

TOO BAD FOR HIM.

She (romantically)—Ah, what's in a name?

He (absently)—Everything is in my wife's name.

Caution.

A commercial traveler at a railway restaurant in one of our southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man, "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling, "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three because I jus' naturally felt dat one of dem might fall you, sir."—Harper's Weekly.

How Old Was He?

In a country school the boys of a certain grade were devoted to their teacher, a young lady of many charms. One little fellow of rather uncertain age was constantly proving his devotion by little acts of kindness, which did not escape the notice of the teacher. Coming up to him one day she put an arm about his shoulders and said: "I believe I will kiss you for being so good to me, but how old are you?"

"Oh, that's all right," he said, "I am old enough to enjoy it!"—Mack's National Monthly.

THE OLD PLEA

He "Didn't Know It Was Loaded."

The coffee drinker seldom realizes that coffee contains the drug, caffeine, a severe poison to the heart and nerves, causing many forms of disease, noticeably dyspepsia.

"I was a lover of coffee and used it for many years, and did not realize the bad effects I was suffering from its use. (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it, too, contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)"

"At first I was troubled with indigestion. I did not attribute the trouble to the use of coffee, but thought it arose from other causes. With these attacks I had sick headache, nausea and vomiting. Finally my stomach was in such a condition I could scarcely retain any food."

"I consulted a physician; was told all my troubles came from indigestion, but was not informed that caused the indigestion. I kept on with the coffee, and kept on with the troubles, too, and my case continued to grow worse from year to year until it developed into chronic diarrhea, nausea and severe attacks of vomiting. I could keep nothing on my stomach and became a mere shadow, reduced from 150 to 120 pounds."

"A specialist informed me I had a very severe case of catarrh of the stomach, which had got so bad he could do nothing for me, and I became convinced my days were numbered."

"Then I chanced to see an article setting forth the good qualities of Postum and explaining how coffee injured people so I concluded to give Postum a trial. I soon saw the good effects—my headaches were less frequent, nausea and vomiting only came on at long intervals and I was soon a changed man, feeling much better."

"Then I thought I could stand coffee again, but as soon as I tried it my old troubles returned and I again turned to Postum. Would you believe it, I did this three times before I had sense enough to quit coffee for good and keep on with the Postum. I am now a well man with no more headaches, sick stomach or vomiting, and have already gained back to 147 pounds."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.